DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 10 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE AT PEKING.

In the spring of every year the Chinese pay great honors to agriculture. The Emperor proceeds to the park surrounding the Temple of Agriculture, at Peking, a picture of which temple we give,, and in a plot of ground reserved for the purpose, and in the presence of the grandees of the Empire, he guides the imperial plow, and uses the seed planter, rake, &c.

After this the Emperor and the attendant princes and officials proceed to the Temple of Agriculture, which is dedicated to *Shin-Nung*, or the "Divine Husbandman," the fabulous originator of the art. Here bullocks, swine and sheep are offered as sacrifice, and prayers made to *Shin-Nung*, and also to the god of the land, the god of the grain, the god of the ocean, the god of the wind, the god of thunder, and the god of rain.

Similar plowing and worshipping are performed by the leading mandarins near the south gates of all the principal cities of the Empire. After which the mandarins mount a platform, and calling around them the principal farmers of the vicinity, exhort them to the proper discharge of their duties as husbandmen. At the close of the addresses they present to each of the farmers, who have been selected to receive them, certain presents, or medals, in the name of the Emperor, in order to encourage and stimulate them to diligence in their calling.

Apart from the idolatrous worship, this conduct of the Emperor and his officials is very praiseworthy; but it is sad to know that while God has not left Himself without witness among them in that He does good, and sends them rain and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness," they yet do not recognize His existence and beneficence, but give His glory to others, and His praise to graven images.

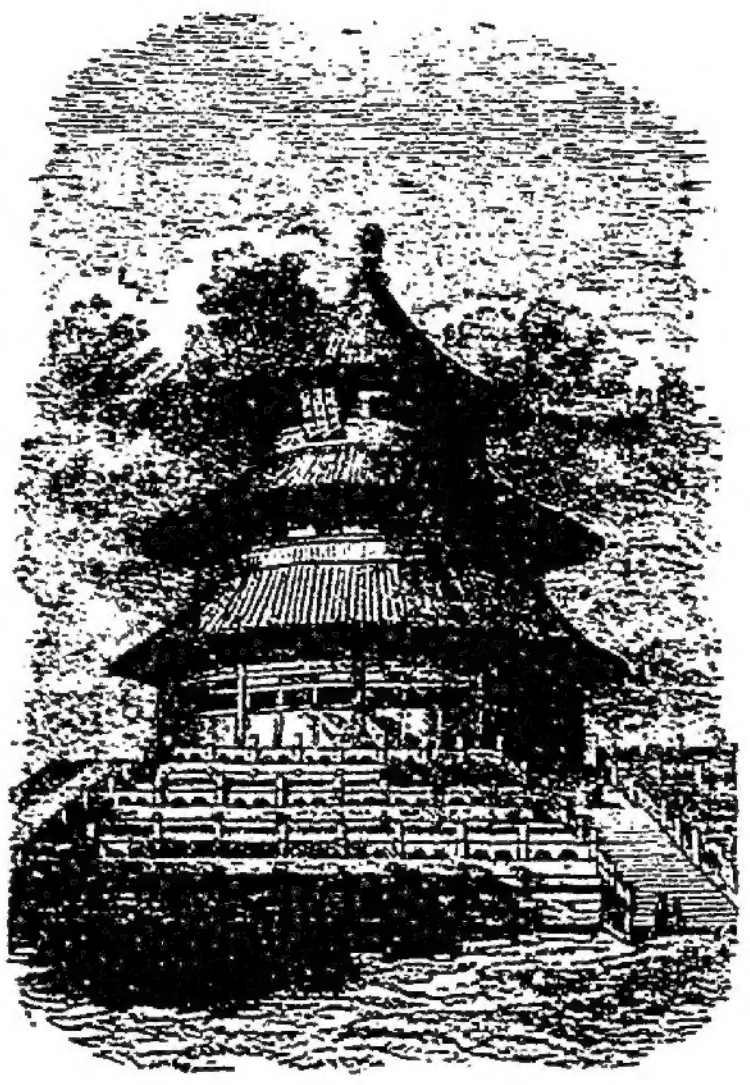
WHAT MORPHINE DOES.

On August 2nd Charles Tyler was committed to the Tombs by Justice Wandell from Jefferson Market Police Court for stealing surgical instruments and morphine from physicians Yesterday at the Tombs Dr. Erasmus D. Hudson, of No. 22? East Twenty-second street appeared before Justice Smith to complain against the prisoner for stealing an overcoat and a small morocco case, containing morphine, on July 10th Justice Smith sent down for Tyler, but he was sick abed and could not answer the summons. Enquiries disclosed the fact that he was suffering from the effects of large doses of morphine. A *World* reporter visited him in the sick-room of the Tombs, which is a cell 10 by 18 on the ground floor. He was lying on a narrow bed, in a most uncomfortable position, but was asleep, breathing heavily He looked like a corpse, his skin being devoid of all life-like color; but when he opened his eyes they were discovered to be brilliant and clear. He awoke at a gentle touch, with a frightened start and a cry of fear, and stared about him like a wild man. By degrees he was led into conversation, and became quite animated in his talk, showing few signs of suffering.

"My right name," said he, "is Henry L. Sanford. I was born in the District of Columbia and am twenty-eight years old. My mother was a Tyler, of Virginia, but my father was a Northern man. They are both dead. I have brothers and sisters, though they cast me off long ago, on account of my habit of taking morphine. At twenty I graduated from the College of Pharmacy in Chicago I started out as a physician, but before long I became addicted to drinking whiskey I found that the habit was injurious to my business, besides, as in all cases, after awhile the whiskey failed to give me the satisfaction it did at first. It was then I began to take morphine. That had a splendid effect on me; made me lively and ambitious and gave me an amount of happiness I cannot express to you. It transformed me at once. I became strong and independent. Nothing was too hard for me to undertake. I speculated and made lots of money. At the end of two years my sufferings began. I had to be constantly under the influence of the drug. I had married and lost my wife, and this made it necessary for me to take stronger doses, until my mind became impaired. I was put into a lunatic asylum in Massachusetts, and the doctors said that they had never heard of any one who took so much morphine. I was allowed to leave this institution partially cured. My disease can never be totally cured. I again began taking the drug, and soon averaged forty-five grains a day. If I only had about thirty grains now it would make me so lively I could dance all around the room. The doctor gives me twenty grains morning and night, but that's only enough to keep me alive. I take it by injection. Long ago it failed to have any effect on me when taken through the mouth."

Here he bared his left arm and showed the reporter the effect of these injections. They were made by a hypodermic syringe, and from their frequency his arms, from the shoulders down to the wrists, were one surface of scars, and the skin was of a bluish tint. Many of these punctures were not healed, but Sanford declared he was totally devoid of feeling On might bore into his flesh with a red-hot iron, he said, and he would not feel it, and, as proof of this, he showed scars on his legs, some as large as a silver half-dollar, and told how he got them. It appears that adversity in its direst ——sure came upon him. He lost his hypodermic syringe, and so procured a common syringe. This he could not insert into the flesh without first cutting a hole. He used to take a razor and cut a gash in his thigh, and then with a scissors bore a hole into the flesh, into which he would insert the syringe and inject the morphine. All the fleshy parts of his body which he could conveniently get at have been cut and punctured over and over again.

During the last two years," said Sanford,



TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE AT PEKING.

I have taken over sixty grains of morphine a day I have often taken over a drachm in one day. One drachm of morphine is equal to more than 500 grains of opium."

"What is your feeling now when supplied with the drug?"

"It is one of independence. That is as near as I can express it. No care for the past or future Without it, my only desire is to kill myself."

He looked about his cell and called the reporter to witness that there were no means of killing himself within reach. "I can't even strangle myself," remarked Sanford. "Oh! if I wasn't so helpless, I'd soon be out of this hell I'm in I have no fear of the next world. There is nothing in this for me. For over two years I have been dead. There is no blood in me. I can eat nothing, and that which would keep life in me I cannot get" And he fell over on his miserable cot and sighed in a heart-broken way. "Even when asleep I have no rest I am constantly dreaming of being thrown in among a lot of dead and being compelled to eat their flesh. I know, when I wake up, covered as I am with cold perspiration, that it is but a dream, but the effect of it makes my desire for morphine a torture" He got up again on his elbow and asked the reporter for some tobacco. The reporter had none to give him, and he fell back again like a dead man He said tobacco was the only thing he could relish. Morphine taken in the mouth, he said, makes him sick.

Being asked to explain his present predicament, Sanford said that when he lost every means of making money he sold everything he had from time to time to procure morphine When everything was gone, he profited a while on credit with druggists and dealers with whom he had acquaintance When this means of getting the drug was denied him, he stole what he could, and with the proceeds got what he wanted.

"Knowing the ways of doctors and the value of their instruments," said he, "I devoted myself to this special way of raising the wind. Of course, I got caught. When I want morphine, I will do anything to procure it I would kill my own father in a minute, if I could get enough for one dose When the desire comes on me, I would not exchange the morphine for Heaven Give me the dose, and then hang me, if you like I don't care what they do with me after I have got the morphine."

Sanford's features are good and he has education The keepers call him the "opium fiend." *N. Y. Independent.*

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY

Harry had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so too. So he came to his aunt and said, 'Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him, but she thought it very unsafe, so she said, "No, Harry, my boy. I think that is a very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge, said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right, shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"Oh, yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to-day, Harry, said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day"

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for anything, his constant answer was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked. "Why can't I?" or, "Why mustn't I?" Harry had not only learned to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor *Corner Door.*

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. *Prov xiii 20.*

Temperance Department.

THE BRATTLEBORO' METHOD.

In the solution of the knotty problem which the control of the liquor traffic presents to society, help from any quarter is welcome. If, too, instead of deductions drawn by *a priori* reasoning from well-settled principles—which, to be sure, are valuable and comes in the more tangible form of results derived from actual trial, faithfully carried on by competent experimenters and honestly reported, it is doubly welcome.

Brattleboro's method—for it is of this beautiful Vermont village that we write—is the very practical one of attempting no more than can be accomplished. The authorities of the village do not aim at making it a temperance village specially. They say that with the temperance question as such, they, as officers, have nothing to do—any more, for instance, than they have with religion or education. They claim, however, that so far as the habit of intemperance interferes with the good order of their village they have a great deal to do with it. It is their business, they hold, to preserve order, and when "drunk" disturbs order, they will disturb "drunk." So far, then, there is a warfare between the village authorities and the liquor-sellers, but the former maintain that the board of bailiffs is not a temperance society, they therefore decline to use the extreme power of the law, believing that in this way they obtain better results than in any other. The facts seem to bear them out in their course, for they have made the bustling village of Brattleboro' the quietest village in all New England. Their method of securing this result is as follows.

Under the law every case of drunkenness is capable of producing four distinct prosecutions,—one against the drunken man and three against the seller. The three against the seller are—first, a prosecution for the act of selling the liquor, second, one for the keeping it with intent to sell, and, third, one for the search and seizure and confiscation of liquor if found. It is the last two prosecutions which the Brattleboro' authorities decline to bring, but which are brought everywhere else where the enforcement of the law is attempted.

To detail a particular case that the practical working of this plan may be more clearly seen. A. is found in the streets intoxicated, and because of such intoxication a disturber of the peace. He is arrested and sent to the lock-up. When sober enough to be examined, he is brought before a magistrate and fined five dollars and costs. In default of payment, he is committed to the county jail, and stands committed until the fine is paid. During his examination he is compelled under the law to disclose where he obtained his liquor. (The law is imperative on this point, the magistrate must inquire and the accused must tell where he procured it.) The liquor-seller is then arrested, and if the offense is proved, he is fined ten dollars and costs. It frequently happens, where the case is an aggravated one, that more than one offense is charged against the seller in the same prosecution. In such a case the fine may be for several offences—ten dollars for each—according to the ruling of the magistrate and the pleasure of the prosecuting officers. At these trials for the sale of liquor—and here is another feature of the Brattleboro plan—one or more of the village bailiffs are present, not as prosecuting officers, but in the interest of law and order. No statute compels their attendance, no custom even, but a sense of the responsibilities of their position invites them to see to it that the law is effectually put in force so far as it is necessary to preserve the peace. Public opinion requires this of them. The offender, too, is more sensibly confronted with the majesty of the law in the presence of an official of this character than he is by a constable, grand juror, or village policeman. The effect of such attendance by the bailiffs is very marked. Here the prosecution ends, the two further cases in which the seller may be involved are not brought, and he knows that they will not be. Consequently, he pays his fine and keeps on selling as before, but he is very careful to whom he sells. He keeps an orderly house, well knowing that if he is caught again the penalty will be heavier. Furthermore, he is well aware that what has been done to him has not been done out of any spirit of revenge, nor from what he is very likely to look upon as a spirit of fanaticism. It has not been done by the temperance people, as such, at all, in fact, the very persons who perhaps have been most active in punishing him have not unfrequently, it may be, hob-nobbed with him at his own bar. So he knows very well that what has been done has been done by society, represented by the officers of the body politic of which he is a member; and that public opinion has compelled those officers to do it for the preservation of that society. He takes a common-sense view of the case, and while he feels that he has been severely dealt with, he knows that he has not been unjustly dealt with. The logic of the whole proceeding is very clear to his mind. He therefore submits with a good grace, and tries to do better in the future.

It is altogether likely that were the sentiment of the community in favor of the full prosecution of the law so as to drive him out of business entirely, he would be equally philosophical and submit to the inevitable just as gracefully, but so long as he knows it is not, he wars against the extreme penalties. Herein consists the gist of the Brattleboro' plan. It works up to the requirements of public sentiment, and there it stops. It can only go further by the demand of public sentiment for an advance. It is such a nicely adjusted system too, that it can follow just as fast as public sentiment leads. The friends of temperance have the matter entirely in their own hands under such a system. They have only to educate the public up to total prohibition, and under the Brattleboro' system this final result is accomplished. It only falls short of total prohibition, because such prohibition is not demanded by the community.

Another marked feature of the plan is the adherence to the well-known principle that it is easier to execute the provisions of a prohibitory liquor law through the regular officers of the law than through any special officers designated for that purpose. In some places in the state, special constables (who, however, serve processes in other cases) are appointed to serve processes in liquor cases, and always with a bad effect. Brattleboro' resorts to no outside aid, but depends upon its own regular officers to enforce all its laws. Nor is it essential that these officers be temperance men. They know their duty as the soldier knows his, and they do it whether they approve the object or not. It is "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die" at the next election. The execution of the prohibitory law in Brattleboro' is practically in the hands of the board of bailiffs of the village. This body is to the village what the aldermen and common council are to a city, the selectmen of a New England town. They are not, as their name might seem to imply, simply police officers. Indeed are not police officers at all, but have a corps of policemen under them for the general police duties of the village. In most incorporated villages in Vermont this body is called the board of trustees. Under the State laws, any board of trustees, the selectmen of any town, or the municipal authorities of any city, can exercise the same authority in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors that is exercised by the board of bailiffs of Brattleboro'. The system, therefore, can be extended throughout the State wherever public sentiment demands its introduction. It is capable, too, of a much wider application. Its main features are susceptible of imitation in all States where prohibitory laws or "local option" laws prevail, and had they been in extensive use in Massachusetts for a few years previous to the repeal of the prohibitory laws there, it is safe to say it could not have been removed from the statute book.

Brattleboro' had been through with that experience of New England communities in attempting the suppression of the liquor traffic common to most villages and large towns where prohibition is adopted as the policy of the law. Its temperance people had the usual tried methods of liquor-seizures, of arrests for keeping liquors with intent to sell, and of a general warfare against the traffic, and with the usual result. The sale was diminished for a time—it always is during these spordaic attempts to suppress the sale. The hopes of the temperance people are consequently raised, the rigor of the prosecution is relaxed, the old ways are gradually resumed, and by and by matters resume their wonted condition. In such a state of things, the sale of liquor is practically free, there is no restraint upon it whatever, everybody who cares to sell it, sells it, keeping an eye out, however, for a possible "raid,"—for in the deepest calm the liquor-seller knows there may be a storm brewing. He knows that in selling liquor at all he is a law-breaker, and that at any time he may called to account. This makes him cautious in the display of his goods, but he keeps them on hand, nevertheless, and in sufficient quantities for his thirsty customers. It is this sort of an experience which has been chiefly instrumental in leading Brattleboro' to adopt the new method of stopping the indiscriminate sale usual in towns where the enforcement of the law is intermittent.

The writer's individual experience in attempting to enforce the Vermont prohibitory law is in point here, as illustrating what takes place always when public opinion is not equal to its execution. It occurred in a little country town on the top of the Green Mountain range, where he lived many years. Here, though the general sentiment was against the law, a few were in favor of it, and the representatives in the legislature generally (for political reasons, doubtless) voted to keep it on the statute-book. But, though public opinion was strongly against it, occasional attempts were made to execute it. Yet there has never been a fine paid by a liquor-seller in that town, though the law has been in existence more than a quarter of a century, and the town has never in that time been without at least half-a-dozen places where liquor was sold openly. It is commonly said by the advocates of prohibition that a few determined men in any town can insure the enforcement of the law, but in this town the few determined men could not be found. After repeated failures to put a stop to liquor-selling by a resort to the law, all attempts at enforcement were abandoned until an event happened which awakened the people to the evils of the free and unrestrained sale of liquor. A farmer from a neighboring town came up the mountain with his team for a load of lumber. He loaded himself up so heavily at the numerous establishments on the way up and while there, that he was unable successfully to guide his horses with his double load on the way down. The consequence was that he rolled off his waggon, and the waggon rolled down the mountain, over him and over his horses, scattering the lumber in all directions, and ending in a general wreck. The farmer was picked up for dead, but it was soon found that he was not killed, though he was seriously injured. But the disaster and its cause was the town talk for many days. There was a storm of indignation against the liquor-sellers—a "fire along the whole line." The writer had seen many such scenes, though none so exciting, and he waited quietly for some one to move in the matter. And the people did move, a complaint, numerously signed, was made out and presented to a grand juror—the proper official—asking him to prosecute. He declined or neglected to do so, and it was at once decided to go to the State's attorney, also a proper official and of a higher grade. Now here came in the peculiar phase of things which is always more or less apparent under the old method of executing the law where public opinion is against it. The excitement began to subside, the liquor sellers began to put in a plea of extenuating circumstances—some stoutly denying any sale, and others admitting a drink or two, but all were so very innocent of all intent of wrong-doing, and so sincerely regretful at what had occurred, that the prosecutors began to waver. It was their neighbors and friends whom they were about to make criminals before the law, and for doing only in a greater degree that which they had often done in a less in their own behalf—for many of the prosecutors were drinking men themselves. The law makes it the privilege of every citizen to become a prosecutor—a meddler, as it is considered in many communities, and so in this. Each man, therefore, said to himself finally, "It is not my business, any more than it is that of any one else, to complain of Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith for selling this farmer liquor. I shall only make enemies of these men, and do no good anyway. They will sell again if we do fine them now; it will not stop them. I will have nothing further to do with it." So the prosecution was abandoned, and the writer was left alone. Under the Brattleboro' method, however, the case is different. The officers of the law take up the matter, and press it to a conclusion. They fine the drunken man for getting drunk—a proceeding we had no thought of—and then fine the sellers, and stop there, and the community bears them out in it.

It should not be inferred that in all the back towns of Vermont the attempts to enforce the liquor laws are so abortive as the one described. In many of the smaller towns no liquor is sold at all, and public sentiment will not permit any selling, the law is strictly enforced. At least it is so stated by the prohibitionists, and they are probably correct, though the writer cannot from personal experience vouch for the truth of any such statements. We frequently have statements from Vermont that the law is generally enforced here, and clergymen and judges and governors are occasionally invoked to prove the diminution of crime in consequence of such enforcement. It should be remembered that these classes of persons do not come in social and business contact with that element of society which contains criminals and drunkards to so great an extent as the rest of us, and their testimony—of course given with the best of motives—must be weighed accordingly.

Another feature of the Brattleboro' plan is the closing of all the saloons and hotel bars on Sundays, &c., on any other occasion when in the judgment of the village authorities they should be closed. At the Soldier's Reunion held here in the summer of 1875, the places where liquors were kept for sale were closed at six o'clock every evening, by order of the board of bailiffs. There was no exception to this rule, no seller daring to defy this authority, which he well knew was the authority of public opinion. A groggery of the lowest class, with its constant brawls and fights, does not exist in Brattleboro'. The strict prohibitionist will of course not admit this to be a gain, he looks upon all liquor-selling alike, and will admit of no degrees in its criminality. In fact, if anything, he thinks the "respectable rum-seller" a little worse than the other kind, on account of the higher position in the social scale which the former holds; but the civilized world generally will agree with the "Quarterly" that there is a real gain to society when, from any cause, the lowest class of liquor-sellers are forced to close their shops.

TAKING AWAY THE APPETITE.

In a recent article upon "Taking Away the Appetite," the Chicago *Interior* says.

"Multitudes of drunkards have been converted. They have been transformed from tipplers, periodical drunkards, habitual drunkards, and continual sots into men free from the curse which had before enslaved them. What has become of the appetite?

"The appetite for strong drink, when once cultivated, is somewhat different from the domina. on of other sins. It is not only a passion of the mind, but a physical infirmity, often amounting to positive disease. It enters the blood and inflames it, it sends its poison along the nerves and shatters them, it mounts the brain and fills it with fire, and changes its very texture. When the man has been regenerated by the Spirit of God, has a new mind and heart, is in both these parts of his nature a new creature in Christ Jesus, what effect has this conversion on the blood, the nerves, and the brain? Is his physical nature so affected that it no longer makes that fiery demand which is the drunkard's uncontrollable appetite? Or is the spiritual mastery given to the man so absolute and commanding that in its supremacy he is forgetful of the physical passion, which, neglected, naturally dies? Is it the heart's new passion reigning to the death of the old passion of body, mind, and soul at once? Or, yet again, is it a prolonged battle, the appetite sometimes slumbering, sometimes aroused and terrible, which a manhood, enforced by the grace of God, holds in check, and at last overcomes? The answers of these questions in the experience of young converts are various, and furnish matter for most serious reflection."

The New York *Evangelist*, discussing the same topic, says.

"The other day we heard from the lips of a man who until recently had been literally steeped in liquor the earnest declaration that his only help in times of temptation was found at the mercy-seat. He denied the oft-repeated assertion that a converted man has no longer any appetite for strong drink, he testified, with tears in his eyes, that the old appetite sometimes came back with such power that he only could find safety by clinging to the divine arm for protection.

—The smoke-nuisance is becoming well-nigh universal. To escape it is each year more and more difficult. Those who do not smoke are treated by smokers as having no rights which the latter are bound to respect. The London *World* mentions that General Grant, who has done much by his conspicuous example as Chief Executive of the nation for eight years, and as a distinguished military hero, to popularize smoking in this country, scandalized one of the clubs of that city by his license in smoking as its guest. At this entertainment, given by the United Service Club, it appears that "smoking was freely indulged in, not only in the drawing-room, but all over the house, General Grant and the Duke of Cambridge setting the example." The *World* adds that "on all ordinary occasions the use of tobacco is strictly limited to a room just under the roof, and this wide-spread contamination was a shock to many prejudices." Thus, one by one, do the smokers rudely and selfishly break down the barriers which good-breeding and a due regard for the comfort of others should preserve intact.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

Temperance in Sunday-Schools.—It is cheering to see so many temperance-charts, with the goodly number of names enrolled, hanging on the walls of our Sunday-school rooms. The children are being included in the temperance revival that is now blessing the land. That is wise. It ought to be regarded as a part of the duty of every Sunday-school teacher to see that each member of his class has faithful instruction as to the evil and sin of indulging in intoxicating drinks. "Temperance" is expressly stated to be one of the fruits of the Spirit which the Christian is to produce. And certainly it ought to be one of the features of Sunday-school instruction. Superintendents and teachers, has the pledge been circulated in your schools or classes during the past year? Do not regard the subject as of little consequence. At least, let every member of the schools have the opportunity to enroll their names on the temperance pledge.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

The use of wood or coal in stoves and ranges for domestic purposes is essentially wasteful and expensive. Taking anthracite, as used in our cities, for cooking, the cost to the consumer includes the cost of the coal at the pit's mouth the transportation, commissions on sale, storing in the house, the labor of putting on the fire, and the expense of removing the ash and waste. If the full thermal value of coal could be utilized in a cooking or heating stove these items would not be worth considering. When it is considered that an ordinary grate gives only 3 per cent. of the heating capacity of the coal consumed in it, the matter assumes another aspect and it may well be doubted if coal is the best domestic fuel.

Moreover, coal and wood as fuels are not sufficiently under control to be economical. To boil sufficient water to make a liter of tea often demands a bundle of wood and ten kilos of anthracite, because a less quantity of coal cannot be made to burn, and yet this amount of fuel has sufficient heating capacity, if fully developed and rightly applied, to raise over eight hundred kilos of water from 60° Fahr. to the boiling point, or 212° Fahr. The waste of domestic labor in building and tending fires, and removing the ashes, the waste of the fuel for hours after the work demanded of it is done, the waste of other materials, carpets and furniture, and the injury to health by reason of the dust and the excessive heat of the stove in warm weather, can only be roughly estimated. Every householder knows how grievous the burden. The cost of coal is, next to rent, the largest expense in domestic life, the cost of stoves and ranges is the largest single item in the expense of furnishing a house. It is a conventional form of expression to say that coal burns. Practically, it does not burn, it merely supplies gas, and the gas alone gives the flame, light and heat. In starting a coal fire, paper or other light material is burned (or its gas), and this heat compels the kindling wood to give up its gas, that escapes in singing jets, and this burning gas forces the coal to give up its gas in turn, and this burning coal-gas makes our fire. The process of breaking the gas out of the coal proceeds through each lump from the outside toward the interior, and the stony and useless matter that forms the bulk of the coal, and that makes the ashes resists the process and absorbs and wastes the heat of the burning gas. Besides this, the gas is accompanied by other non-burning gases, and these rob the flame of its heat, check the combustion and carry away unburned up the chimney much of the valuable gas.

These facts are well known. It has long been admitted that a stove is a most imperfect gas retort, or gas-making machine, but the abundance of coal and its apparently low price have made it the universal fuel. The abundance of coal is questionable. Its cheapness is only apparent and not real, and the question now raised is whether coal is either scientifically or commercially the best fuel. The question involves matters of the widest interest both in trade, manufactures and domestic life, and it is the most important question in the immediate future. Coal has been tried and has been found wanting. It is not a cheap fuel, and a cheap fuel is one essential factor in our civilization. The fuel of the future is gas, clear non-luminous, heating gas, delivered in pipes at every shop and house.

Common illuminating or street gas is already extensively used as a domestic fuel during the warm weather, and many families use it all the time. There is a steady and constantly increasing demand for gas-stoves, and either in their present form or in some improved shape, they are the type of the future cooking-stove The gas-stove gives the full intensity of its flame at the instant it is lighted, its flame intensity is uniform all the time, and the moment the work required of it is over, it may be extinguished. There is no waste of the heat before or after the actual work needed is accomplished, there is no dust or solid waste after the fire is out, and the light and invisible products of combustion are readily removed. Gaseous fuel requires only a match to give its full heating power, it is cleanly, safe, and does no harm to carpets or furniture. It saves all the cost and labor of handling a crude and rough material, it may be concentrated upon any desired spot, and by means of flexible pipes the stove in which it is used may be moved from place to place.

The advantages of a gas fuel are recognized in all our cities, as the general use of gas-stoves testifies, and it requires no further discussion. The important question in this matter is the quality, character, and price of this form of fuel. It must be cheap, it must have a high heating capacity, and it need not be luminous. Of the different methods of making gas employed in this country, the most common is the retort system. Gas-works are a disagreeable adjunct of all our towns, and the process by the retort system is familiar and needs no special mention. The gas now used for fuel is almost wholly from this class of works. Among the other method of making gas that promise more in the way of a really cheap and high-class heating gas, is one that produces a water-gas. The manufacture of gas from steam, and thus indirectly from water has been under experiment for a great many years, and only within a short time has it been possible to make a water-gas upon a commercial scale. The plant needed to manufacture this gas differs widely from the huge structures used in making gas by the retort system and with the exception of the purifying apparatus and the gas-holder, only requires a few small constructions of insignificant proportions. The first of these is called a generator, and it resembles in appearance a small cupola furnace, or stack. It is built of brick, hollow within, and is of a circular shape, and covered on the outside with wrought-iron. This generator has a charging-door, or trap, at the top (on the level of the second floor of the building), a grate at the bottom, and inlet pipes below it for an air blast. Near the top is also an outlet pipe for the escape of the products of combustion. Near this generator is another brick stack, perhaps twice as high and of proportionate size, and lined on the inside with fire-brick. There is an open-work brick arch near the bottom, and above this the interior is entirely filled with loose fire-brick thrown in roughly, so as to be full of spaces and openings throughout the entire mass. Below the arch is an air-chamber, and above the mass of loose brick is a tall smoke-stack, or chimney, with a damper for closing it tight when it is necessary. Just below the top is an outlet with a large pipe for leading away the gas. A pipe extends from the top of the generator to the air space under the arch in this regenerator, or superheater as it is called, and opposite to this pipe is an inlet for another air-blast.

When the apparatus is to be used for making gas, the generator is filled about half full of anthracite coal through the charging-door, and this is fired in any convenient manner and the blast is applied. The blast quickly drives the fire up to a high temperature, and the products of combustion pass out through the pipe at the top and thence down to the bottom of the superheater and then rise through the mass of loose fire-brick and escape at the top. The outlet for the gas is kept closed, and in a few moments after the fire is started, the second air-blast is turned into the base of the superheater and fire is here applied and the whole mass of the superheater is instantly filled with flame.

By the time the coal is at a red heat, the brick-work of the superheater is at a white heat. At this point, when the loose brick-work is intensely hot, the smoke-stack is closed and the gas outlet is opened. At the same moment small jets of superheated steam (or a common dry steam), are turned directly into the mass of hot coals just above the grate-bars. The steam is decomposed and in a new form rises through the fire, goes over into the superheater and rises through the mass of white-hot bricks and appears at the outlet in the form of a water-gas. From the outlet the hot gas passes to the washer, scrubber, and other purifying appliances, such as are used in ordinary gas plants, and finally reaches the holder. In a short time the influx of steam checks the fire, and the process comes to an end. The steam is shut off more coal is charged on the fire, the air blasts are started, and the whole process begins again. In a few moments the fire is in condition to resume its work, and the gas-making goes on as before. To make the gas continuously, two sets of apparatus are used, and while one is making gas the other is being fired up. By this arrangement, one man can make gas at the rate of 946 meters (3,000 feet) in thirty minutes, and with only an expenditure of about fifty or sixty kilos of coal for the production of over 4,000 meters (15,090) of gas. By the addition of simple machinery, whereby hydrocarbons may be added to the water-gas during its manufacture, the same apparatus produces an illuminating gas of excellent quality

None of the gas-works now in operation in this country and using this or similiar processes make a simple, non-luminous, heating gas. It is only necessary to leave out the hydrocarbons to give up this enrichment for the sake of light and the apparatus will give the required gaseous fuel. It cannot be expected that gas plants for making a heating gas will be immediately erected, for the demand is yet to be developed It certainly will be developed in time, for gaseous fuel presents so many advantages over the present system of domestic heating and cooking that this water-gas in some form is evidently to be the fuel of the future. The companies now making luminous water-gas will in time, no doubt, find it to their advantage to lay two mains and to manufacture both luminous and heating gases, and to sell the non-luminous gas at a low rate that will make it commercially available It is reported that such a gas can be sold at a profit at from 50 cent to $1 per 315 meters (1,000 feet, and if this can be done, gas will ultimately replace coal as a domestic fuel.—*The Fuel of the Future, from Scribner's Monthly.*

POISONOUS SILK DRESSES.

In purchasing silk, many require that the material shall possess both weight and stiffness, these qualities adding to its rich appearance and allowing it to be draped more gracefully. Heavy silk is also commonly believed to be of better manufacture and to wear better, as the extra weight is supposed to be due to a thicker and closer fabric. While all heavy silks are not necessarily weighted, a large proportion of them are.

The weighting of black silks with a compound of tannic acid and oxide of iron, far exceeding in quantity what is really needful for the production of a black color, has now been known for a considerable time, and has been carried so far as to deprive the material of its non-conducting power for heat and electricity, greatly to impair its strength and durability, and even to render it liable to spontaneous combustion. Consumers, however, till lately "laid the flattering unction to their souls" that white and light-colored silks were genuine Alas! the depraved ingenuity of the age has introduced sophistication in this department also, and it is possible to buy white silks white goods, rather consisting of about one-third to one-half the genuine product of the silk-worm, the remainder being made up with oxide or carbonate of lead. This stratagem is not merely a fraud upon the purchaser who asks and pays for one thing, and receives another very inferior in its properties but it is a direct attack upon public health, and (we learn from the *Chemical Review*) in that capacity has already brought forth evil fruits. Persons who are continually handling such weighted silks are liable to lead poisoning Still greater is the risk for milliners and dressmakers who sew with silk, and who are in the habit of biting off the end of the thread, or of putting it in the mouth to make it the better enter the eye of the needle. A minute quantity of lead is taken into the system each time; it remains and accumulates, and, at last, colic, palsy, and other alarming symptoms make their appearance. These are traced to to lead poisoning, but not one medical man in a hundred will suspect how the lead is introduced into the patient's system. He will blame water, wine, vinegar, food cooked in leaden vessels, etc. In the last guess he may often be right, for the tin with which saucepans are "lined" is no longer tin, but an alloy containing a large proportion of lead The so-called tins in which meat, butter, fruits, etc., are now imported and sold are also no longer "tins," save in a "Pickwickian sense," but "leads."

But, to return, so long as the silk is not recognized as the source of the lead, the patient will go on using it, and recovery will therefore be impossible. This, it must be understood, is no mere matter of conjecture or probability, but of actual fact. Poisoning cases of the kind described have already occurred, and will certainly become more and more frequent if the evil practice is allowed to continue.

The detection of lead is not difficult. If a piece of the silk, or a little of the thread or yarn suspected of being weighted with lead, is moistened with pure water and then exposed to sulphuretted hydrogen gas (as obtained by putting a little sulphuret of iron in a cup and pouring dilute sulphuric acid upon it), if lead is present, it will change color and rapidly thicken. Ladies applying this simple test are, however, cautioned that if they have been made artificially "beautiful forever" with powders and enamels, their faces may possibly change color as rapidly as the weighted silk.—*Scientific American.*

COMPRESSED TEA.

At a late tea conference in London provision was made for a critical examination of the merits of compression and other methods of treating tea, with a view of eliciting definitely, by comparison, the amount, if any, by which the tea is strengthened by the process, and what are the advantages to be obtained from its general adoption. The "compression" of tea referred to is a process of treating tea which was patented in 1871, and first brought to notice at the South Kensington Exhibition in 1873

The operation is very simple, and consists essentially in weighing out tea to quarter pounds, and placing these in moulds on a revolving iron table a piece of metal exactly fitting the mould being placed in the top. As the table revolves, each mould comes under the stroke of a hydraulic ram which exercises a pressure of about eighty tons on each quarter of a pound, reducing it to one-third of its bulk, and consolidating it in a mass marked by depressions into divisions of exactly half an ounce in weight. As the table revolves, each cake is ejected from its mould, and the process, in which not a particle of moisture is used, is completed.

The effect of this enormous pressure is said to be so thoroughly to break the cells and smaller vesicles of the tea leaves that the theine and aromatic oil are set perfectly free, and the mass of tea is more easily affected by boiling water, in which it at once falls to pieces.

The practical result is that the liquor produced from consolidated tea after ordinary infusion is considerably stronger than that produced from loose tea, varying according to the quality of the tea subjected to the process; the higher the grade, the more marked the difference. The separation of the fibres and particles of the tea would naturally appear to produce the effect named. It is also asserted that the half ounce of consolidated tea will in five minutes give the same strength of liquor as the same weight of ordinary tea in four or five hours.

That the ordinary infusion of tea does not remove all the virtues of the leaves is shown by the fact that if such leaves be dried and submitted again to the process of tea-making, a liquor of considerable strength will be produced.

Another advantage claimed for the consolidated tea is its much greater convenience of transportation and packing, fitting it especially for use on expeditions by land or sea. Sportsmen and travellers have used it to great advantage. It is also stated that the tea thus treated retains its strength a longer time.—*Bazar.*

—The extensive manufacture of soap from bone grease, now carried on, has led to investigation relative to the effect of such an article on the human skin. It appears that in the preparation of this material, bones of every description, and in every stage of putrefactive decomposition, are ground into a fine powder, and submitted to the action of water boiling under pressure in a Papin's digester; the resulting mixture is then cooled, when the undissolved bone earth settles to the bottom, while fats or oils rise to the top, and between these exists a solution of bone gelatine in water. Out of this gelatine solution, by suitable processes, a patent isinglass is manufactured for the production of soups and jellies, while the oil or grease is saponified and converted into soap. But in the soap thus produced there remain fine particles of bone-earth, which, when the soap is rubbed on the face, as in shaving, lacerate or scratch the skin, and the wounds caused in this way are, it is stated, poisoned by noxious matters originally existing in the bones, and which none of the processes have succeeded in destroying.

—It has been calculated by Dr. C. W. Siemens that Niagara Falls do as much work as 266,000,000 tons of coal would do in a year at the rate of four pounds per horse-power consumption of fuel in an hour. Dr Siemens objects to so much force being wasted, and proposes that the water be made to drive an electrical machine at the falls, the current from which would traverse a copper rod. He has calculated that a rod three inches in diameter would transmit 1,000 horse-power as far as thirty miles, and that at the end the electricity could be used to produce motion or light, the quantity of electricity being sufficient for about 250,000 candle power This view of a catarract is not quite new, but it is sufficiently rare to be interesting.

—Glass slippers have been produced by the cunning artificers of Vienna The slippers are actually woven of fine flexible threads of glass. The novelty is quite as much in the effect as in the material Not only do lines of colored light, in different hues and distinctly definable, traverse the body of the slipper, but with the motion of the foot of the wearer these hues so blend and intermingle as to produce a magical and beautiful effect, particularly when seen in the gas-light.

—Chapels may well be close, seeing how little they are ventilated, and how the air they contain is inevitably vitiated by morning and afternoon attendances. A fainting case or two of an evening can excite but little surprise. The day may come when deacons will realize that they are appointed to consider the creature comforts of the congregation as well as to push collection-boxes into pews.—*South London Press.*

—So many cases of skin disease were the result of heavy crape falling over the face, that custom has at last pronounced the once indispensable widow's veil no longer a necessity. Of course this applies equally to other wearers of mourning. It is not considered unconventional among young people to dispense with a crape veil of any kind.

THE COW IN THE TREE.

BY MRS. A. F. RAFFENSPERGER.

"So you think it is too much trouble, Johnny, to go after the cow every evening and take her to the pasture every morning, even though she gives us such sweet rich milk and cream? Well, it is hard case for a strong healthy boy of ten years old, who has nothing else to do! I believe, though, you do not find it any great trouble to drink the milk and cream, do you? I am afaid you are lazy, Johnny. You ought to go and live where the cows always stay in one place."

"Are there any cows that always stay in the same place, mother?"

"Yes, indeed, Johnny."

"But then I think it would be as much trouble to carry their grass and hay to them as it is to drive our cow to the pasture."

"The cows I am telling you about never eat anything at all. And they can go without drinking water for months at a time. That is the very kind of a cow for a lazy boy; don't you think so, Johnny?"

"Are you telling the real sober truth, now, mother?"

"The real sober truth, Johnny. And I have not told you half, either. These cows grow as high as this house or even higher. They live in South America, and they like best the rocky sides of the mountains, quite high up. They have very large green heads."

"Green heads, mother! How funny."

"Yes, green heads, and sometimes their heads are covered with small beautiful flowers!"

"Just think of our old Daisy with her head covered with flowers!"

"If you go to live where these cows are fashionable you will have to get up very early in the morning to get your milk, and I am afraid that would not suit you so well. They have to be milked a little before sunrise. The people who live in that part of South America I am telling you about are very lazy too, but just before sunrise they all start, men, women, and children, with great wooden bowls in their hands, to get the milk for their breakfast. Up they climb among the rocks till they come to the place where the cows are. Then they make little holes with their knives in the side of the cows, and the milk comes out in streams till they fill all their bowls."

"That is awful mean to treat the poor old cows in such a cruel way."

"Is it any meaner than it is for a little boy to hit poor old Daisy with a great stick because she wanted to stop and eat a few sweet clover heads?"

"But I could not wait all day for Daisy to get to her pasture."

"I have not told you the funniest part of the story. You know how well you like hot rolls and biscuits for breakfast. It is a great deal of trouble for Bridget to make them, and sometimes she does not like to do it, especially on washing days. Now I think when you go to South America to live you had better take Bridget along with you. The cows that grow there have a very convenient fashion of keeping rolls or biscuits on their heads. While Bridget is holding the bowls to catch the milk you could climb up into the head and get a basket of rolls for your breakfast. All you would have to d with them after you went home would be to boil them in hot water a few minutes like apple-dumplings, or roast them in the hot ashes a little while. Then your breakfast of fresh rolls and milk would be ready for you."

"Now, really and truly, mother, a'n't you making up all that story?"

"No, Johnny, it is all true. I was just reading about these cows the other day, and I thought it would be a good idea to send you and Bridget there, where you would have so little to do. It is the very place for lazy people. The cows are Cow-trees, and the rolls I told you of are the fruit of the tree. The people call it Bread-Fruit. You see they do not need to raise wheat or corn. They do not have to plough the ground or sow the seed. They have no hard work of harvesting, no threshing wheat or shelling corn. The boys do not have to go to mill to get the wheat or corn ground. Bridget would never have to worry because the yeast is not good or because she has no 'Dooley's Baking Powder.' All a person would need for housekeeping would be one or two Cow-trees. After you had eaten your breakfast you could lie down under the tree and sleep all day, if you wished, and your next day's bread and milk would be ready for you when you woke up the next morning."

GETTING THEIR MORNING BOWL OF MILK.

"What is the name of the tree?"

"The Palo de Vaca. But it is a pretty hard name for a lazy boy to remember."

"Well, mother, I wish we had two or three Palo de Vacas growing in our yard."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE FIRST TIME.

SAXE HOLM, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

(*Continued.*)

I usually got home from school, Saturday noons, about half an hour before dinner. My mother was always sitting then in the sitting-room, at her little work-table. I gave her my report as soon as I came in, and, after looking it over, she laid it on the top of her work-basket. While the dessert was being brought in, my father always said:

"Where is my little daughter's report for this week?" and my mother would say:

"Run and bring it, Peggy."

"Oh, how slowly I used to walk back to that dinner-table when I had a very bad report to show! I daresay many a soldier marches up toward the cannon with less fear than I used to go to my father's side, and lay that little piece of paper in his hand. When the report was more than usually good, he smiled, and said sometimes:

"Well done, my daughter! I see you are trying to give your parents pleasure." Oh, how happy I felt then! When it was bad, he only sighed, laid it down by his plate, and without speaking a word to me, went on eating his dinner. Then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up; and I used to say in my heart, "I'll never have another bad report as long as I live—never!" I even used to lie awake in the night, and think how pale and unhappy my father had looked at the sight of the report, and resolve that he should never look so again on my account. I remember once that we had the word "parricide" in our spelling lesson, and Miss Caroline told us it meant the murderer of a parent, and the thought haunted me for days that if I grieved my father so that he died I should be a parricide. The name seemed to me the most dreadful word I ever heard.

I am telling you all this, so that you can partly understand the strength of the temptation which led me to tell my first lie. It was about one of these reports, the very worst I ever had. I never shall forget the Saturday when that report was put into my hand. I was not wholly unprepared for it. I knew I had played truant three morn-

ings in succession, and I knew that I had behaved outrageously every day. Miss Caroline had kept me in at recess three times, had feruled me once, and had seemed more out of patience with me than I had ever known before. Still I did not dream that the report would be quite so bad as it was. In the example which I have made for you I have filled in the figures about as I think they were in that dreadful report. You will see that for four days I had had the lowest number in deportment, and a very bad record in punctuality. I always had "all fives" in Latin and geography. I liked those studies better than any others, and my Latin I studied at home with my father. Arithmetic I never could understand (and can't yet),—and I hated it so, I really did not try much. However, I never had had a cipher on my report before. The tears came into my eyes as soon as I looked at the paper, and I threw it down on the ground angrily, and exclaimed: "I'll never carry that thing home."

"I do not wonder you feel so, Peggy," said Miss Caroline's mild, low voice, just behind me; "I hope it will be a lesson to you to be a better girl next week." And she picked up the report and laid it in my hands again; she locked the school-room door, and walked away. I stood outside, leaning against the wall, my eyes fixed on the hateful paper. Ned Spofford ran up and looked over my shoulder at it.

"Whew, Peg!" said he, whistling; "that is rather rough on you."

I was too wretched to speak at first. The tears began to roll down my cheeks.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ned. "Don't be such a goose. What's the use of crying? Who cares about her old reports, anyhow?"

"Oh Ned," said I, "it's only showing it to my father. That's all I mind."

"Why, does your father look at them?" exclaimed Ned. "Mine doesn't; nor my mother neither, half the time. Lucindy signed mine last time. I guess they think they are all nonsense."

For the first time in my life the idea crossed my mind that I might have liked some other father and mother better than mine. But there was no comfort for me in any such speculation.

"I don't mean to go home at all," I exclaimed. "I mean to run away. I'd rather die than show my father that report."

"Lor'," said Ned, "I'm glad I aint a girl. I never saw such fools as you all are! Why, the worst that can happen to you would be to get a thrashing; and that's soon over. I don't mind 'em."

"That isn't the worst, either," said I, sullenly. "That's all you know about it, Ned Spofford. My father and mother don't thrash."

"Why, Peg! What is it they do?" said Ned, in an almost terrified whisper, evidently thinking he was about to hear of some horrible cruelty.

"My father just sighs and looks—oh, it's dreadful the way he looks!—just as white and sick as anything," I replied; "and once he said that he was afraid I should bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," I sobbed.

"Fiddlestick's end!" cried Ned. "Is that all? Peg, you're a bigger fool even than I took you to be. Come on. Let's go home. We're going to have boiled rooster for dinner. Come on."

But I would not stir, and he ran off without me. I stood leaning against the wall some minutes longer, and then I walked slowly towards home—our house was only a few steps off—our orchard came up close to the south wall of the school-house. A low stone wall separated this field from the street; usually I walked home on the wall; but I had no stone wall this day.

It was early in March; the snow had lain unbroken all winter, three feet on a level; now it was melting and breaking up, and swelling the rivers and brooks till they overflowed their banks everywhere. Roads were deep in muddy slush, and sidewalks were almost as bad. Little rivulets of foaming water, carrying along tossing fragments of ice and muddy snow, ran along the sides of the streets. Every child who lives in New England sees just such sights every spring; and I often see school-children now, with India rubber boots on, wading along in dirty streams of melted snow, just as I used to long to wade when I was a little girl, but never could, because in those days India rubber boots had not been invented. We had only India rubber shoes, and very hard it was sometimes to keep from getting our feet wet.

A few steps from our house a little bridge had been made in the sidewalk, and a ditch dug, to let the water run off the street down into our orchard. Whenever there was a hard rain, there would be a little brook under this bridge for a few hours—for we lived at the foot of a hill; but the greater part of the time the ditch was dry. On this day, however, of which I am telling you, it was a foaming torrent. The water came almost up to the planks of of the bridge, and leaped and splashed on the stone wall. I stopped to look at it. The wind was blowing hard, and as I held my report loosely in one hand, it fluttered in the wind, and nearly blew away. "Oh," thought I, "how I wish it had blown away, where I never could find it!" and then and there, on that very instant, came the temptation to throw it down into the brook and say that it had fallen in. I did not yield at once. I recollect very well that I stood a long time on that bridge deliberating. I picked up an old dead raspberry-bush and whipped the muddy, foaming snow with it; I pushed the little bunches out of the corners where they had got wedged, and watched to see them sucked under the stone wall. All the time the words were going through my mind:

"Throw the report into the brook, and say the wind blew it in, and you could not get it out."

Then other words seemed to try to crowd the first words out.

It was just as if two people were whispering, first one and then the other, in my ears. The other words said:

"No. It would be mean. It would be cowardly. It would be a lie. For pity's sake, don't do it."

The longer I listened, the louder the first words sounded, and the fainter sounded the others. That is always the way with these uncomfortable things called temptations: if you listen to them at all, they speak louder and louder, until finally you can't hear any other voice but theirs. At last, I said said to myself, "I'll do it," and in a minute more I had done it. I rolled the report up in a tight roll, and threw it in. I jammed it down with the raspberry-bush; it rolled over and over, and bobbed up to the surface two or three times. I had several chances to pick it out of the water, but I did not. I watched it swirl in under the stone wall, and then I ran home as fast as I could go. I felt quite light-hearted for a minute, I was so glad to be rid of that report. But my light-heartedness did not last long. As soon as I opened the door into the hall, I saw the sitting-room door wide open; and my mother called out pleasantly:

"Why, Peggy, how late you are this noon! Dinner is just going on the table; have you got a good report to show papa to-day?"

Oh, how I did feel! I never dreamed that it was going to be so hard to tell a lie. It seemed to me that my very tongue grew stiff, and did not like to pronounce the words. It seemed to me an age before I could speak at all. Then I only said:

"I haven't got any report."

You see I was trying to put off the time for the lie to come.

"Haven't got any report?" said my mother, in a surprised voice. "Is Miss Caroline sick?"

"No," said I; and it seemed to me my voice grew weaker and queerer every minute. "She made one out, but I lost it. The wind blew it into the brook."

All this time I pretended to be very busy wiping my India rubbers on the mat, and hanging up my things. Usually I would hardly wait to take them off, I was in such a hurry to run in and kiss my mother.

She did not speak again for some minutes. Then she said, in a grave voice:

"I am very sorry you lost it. Papa will be disappointed not to know how his little girl has been doing this week. Was it a good report, Peggy?"

Oh, dear me! Would there never come an end to the lies I should have to tell to prop up that first one?

I hesitated. The same wicked voice which had whispered in my ear, "Throw the report in the brook," whispered now:

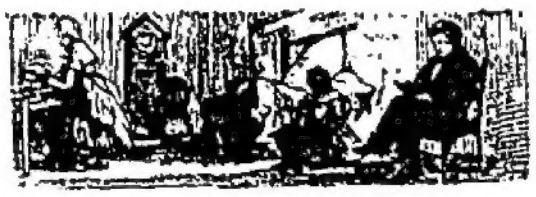
"If you say it was a bad one, then she will be more likely to suspect you of having lost it on purpose."

But I could not make up my mind to say it was a good one. So I stammered out:

"I don't remember."

My mother did not make any reply. I think she had feared in the beginning, from the very tone of my voice, that I was not telling her the truth, and now she was sure of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Saviour, thou to pray didst teach us,
  Hear while we thy words repeat,
Safe deliver us from evil,
  From temptation guide our feet

From the paths of sin and folly,
  Paths of death and sin's deceit,
Lead us by thy arm most holy,
  From temptation guide our feet

When by earth's false flatteries blinded,
  Worldly pride and praise are sweet,
Teach us to be lowly-minded,
  From temptation guide our feet.

When in darkness, lost, forsaken,
  Satan's victory seems complete,
Doubts dispel, new courage waken,
  From temptation guide our feet.

Blessed Saviour, thou wast tempted,
  Satan's buffetings didst meet,
By thy grace upheld we conquer,
  Safely thou wilt guide our feet.

—*Margaret Alburtus Burdell in N Y Observer*

NELLIE IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

On the lonely Carolina coast are many small islands, interspersed with sandy shoals and rocky reefs, which render it dangerous for vessels that approach too near. On this account light-houses are established at proper intervals, and it is about the dwellers in one of these that I have a little story to tell.

The name of the keeper of this light-house was John Lattie. His wife was dead, and he lived there with his two children, and a faithful and attached negro couple, whom the children called Mammy Sylvie and Uncle Brister. Sylvie had been their nurse, and both she and her husband loved them as though they had been their own.

You may think a light-house on a small island—where no one else lived except two fishermen's families—a lonely place for two children Perhaps it was, but Jack and Nellie did not think so. In good weather they had splendid times on the beach, running up and down the firm white sand, hiding amid the rough rocks that at low tide stood above the water, or picking up pretty shells, and bits of many-colored sea-weed, thrown up by the waves Sometimes they played with the waves themselves, as merrily as though they had been living playmates. They would go low down to the water's edge, and watch some swelling billow as it came rolling onward to the shore, and cry defiantly: "Come on! you can't catch us!" and then, as the white foam-crest curled threateningly over toward them, they would run up the beach, with the billow in full chase, until the foamy crest broke about their bare little feet, and went gently sliding back into the sea, to give place to another. Sometimes the billow would overtake them, and give them a thorough drenching, but this only excited their mirth. For sea-water does not give chills and colds, and it soon dries, and as their dress was coarse and simple, there was no danger of that being hurt.

One day, by some accident, the glass of the light-house was broken, and Mr. Lattie found it necessary to go in his boat to the main-land, in order to procure materials for repairing it. The little town at which he made these purchases was some five or six miles inland; and he might not return until quite late.

"If I am not back before sunset, Brister," said he to his sable assistant, "be sure to light the lamp in time. You know it will be as necessary to me as to others."

He said this because between the light-house and the shore were many dangerous rocks, some lying beneath the surface of the water, and others above it, to run upon which in the dark would break a boat to pieces. But Mr. Lattie was familiar with the channel, and he knew that with the light for a guide he could steer so as to avoid the rocks.

Now, Mr Lattie had not been long gone when there came to the light-house, in hot haste, a little ragged boy, begging that Aunt Sylvie would come to his mother, who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. There was no doctor on the island, and Sylvie was very clever as a nurse. So she hastened away with all speed to the fisherman's wife, who lived quite a mile distant, at the opposite [illegible], however, telling [illegible] not stray away [illegible] warning her "ole man" to take good care of them, well knowing at the same time, that such warning was not necessary, for Uncle Brister would have sacrificed his own life for the little ones, whom he had helped to carry in his arms almost from the day of their birth. They were gentle and obedient children, though it had always been observed that Nellie, who was only seven years old, possessed much more firmness and decision of character than Jack, nearly two years her senior. She was also more generous; and I am afraid that with all her decision she gave up too much to her brother, and helped to make him selfish. For instance: if they were sent to Jem Long's for fish, generally it was Nellie who carried the basket, while Jack amused himself with playing by the way, or, if Sylvie made ginger cakes or "puffs," and gave the two first baked to the children, it was Jack who claimed the biggest or the nicest-looking, and not unfrequently got a taste of Nellie's also.

The children played all the morning very happily together, building a fort of loose rocks, like the great stone fort which they could see in the distance, many miles away. In the afternoon they went in-doors, where they found Brister standing at one of the windows, shading his eyes with his hand and looking anxiously toward the west.

"Do you see the boat, Uncle Brister?" enquired Jack, standing on tip-toe to look out.

"Please de Lord, I wish I could dat," answered the old man, more as if speaking to himself than to them. "I don't like de looks o' dat 'ere sky, and dere aint never no good in dem switchy mare's tails," pointing to some long scattered clouds which were moving rapidly up from the west. "Ef I knows anything 't all, I knows we'so gwine to have a squeelin,' squalin' storm. Please de Lord Massa and Sylvie was safe home."

The old man's prediction was correct. In less than an hour the wind burst upon them, the waves were lashed into foam, and the storm roared around the light-house in all its fury. The children, sitting by the fire, listened to the roaring of the wind and the waves without, and felt the walls tremble with the force of the tempest. Old Brister had gone about and made all secure, and now, as it began to grow dusk, he started up the winding staircase that led to the top of the tower, in order to light the lamp. As he crossed the room the children noticed that he staggered a little, and caught hold of the door-post to steady himself. Then he put his hand to his forehead, and so stood still a moment, then began feebly to ascend the stairs. An instant after there was a heavy fall, and to their horror the children saw the old man lying at the foot of the stairs motionless and apparently dead.

They started up with a cry and rushed toward him. He was not bleeding anywhere, but his breathing was thick and heavy, and though his eyes were open he did not appear to see them, or to know anything. The truth was, the old man had had a stroke of apoplexy.

"What shall we do? oh, what shall we do?" cried Nellie, bursting into an agony of tears.

"We can't do anything," sobbed Jack, hopelessly "I wish, oh! I wish father and Mammy Sylvie were here."

Nellie, kneeling by the side of Brister, seemed to make an effort at composure.

"Jack," she said, more calmly, "don't you think we might warm him, and rub him, and give him a little hot brandy to drink? That is the way they brought the drowned men to life again."

"He aint drowned," answered Jack, with a little expression of contempt for his sister's suggestion.

"Yes but it might do him good Feel how cold his hands are, and rubbing might do him some good. Oh, Jack, let us try to pull him to the fire!"

With great difficulty they succeeded in drawing the old man in front of the great hearth, where Nellie placed pillows under his head, and covered him with a blanket. Then she heated a little brandy, and put a spoonful between Brister's lips, and the two children then commenced rubbing him with all their little strength, though Nellie trembled and the tears rolled down Jack's face. But, in truth, it was a trying situation for them, alone and helpless as they were.

Suddenly Nellie started up with a cry.

"The lamp, Jack! Oh, Jack, the lamp isn't lighted!"

It was dark now, and the storm, though subsiding, still raged. How many fishing-vessels out at sea, and caught in that sudden storm, were now vainly looking out for the warning beacon that was to save them from danger and guide them into safety! And her father Did she not remember his parting words to Brister:

"Be sure and light the lamp in good time It is as necessary to me as to them."

And the lamp was not lighted! In storm and darkness her father might be even now struggling amid those foaming waves and treacherous rocks, for the child felt instinctively that no danger could keep him back from the post of his duty and the loved ones dependent upon him Eagerly, tremblingly, Nellie rose to her feet.

"Oh, Jack, father! We must light the lamp!"

"We can't," answered poor, frightened Jack, helplessly "We don't know how."

She felt that it would be of no use to appeal further to him—not that Jack was heartless, but irresolute and vacillating when thrown upon his own resources. So Nellie—brave little heart—resolved to do the best she could.

"You can stay and take care of Uncle Brister, Jack," she said; "and rub him all you can. I will try to light the lamp."

"But you don't know anything about it, and I don't want to stay by myself," said Jack, blubbering; "I wish father was here."

Nellie went carefully up the narrow, winding stair to the top of the light-house. She had seldom been here, and had never seen the lamp lighted, and, as Jack had said, knew nothing about it; and she now found to her dismay that she could not reach the lamp. The wind and the rain beat against the thick glass by which this little room in the top of the tower was surrounded, and swept in strong fitful gusts through the broken panes; and Nellie thought that even were she able to light the lamp, it must inevitably be put out again. What was to be done? If she could only keep a light of any kind burning, it might be of some use. There was a large lantern downstairs, she knew; and hurrying down she got this, and lighting it, carried it up again, and hung it where she trusted it might be seen. But it shone so feebly that she feared it would not be noticed, or might even be taken for the light of a fisherman's cottage, in which case it would serve only to lead astray instead of guiding safely.

Poor little Nellie wrung her hands in despair. Oh, if she only had somebody to help her! How feeble, and forlorn, and miserable she felt! And just then—she never knew how it was—just then she seemed to hear, amid all the roar of the storm, the sweet words of the hymn her dead mother had been so fond of singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." She knew it by heart, and now she stood involuntarily repeating fragments of it to herself, until she came to the words—

> "Other refuge have I none
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
> Leave, oh leave me not alone,—
> Still support and comfort me.
> All my trust on Thee is stayed,
> All my help from Thee I bring."

A strange feeling of peace and comfort stole into the heart of the child. "God is here: He can help me," was her thought; and instantly after she recollected that in the wood-shed connected with the kitchen was a great pile of pine-knots. The wind could not blow out the flame of a pine-knot, but would rather serve to fan it. So down the steep, wearisome stairs the poor child again went, and presently returned to the top of the tower with her arms full of the pine-knots. These she lighted and carefully disposed all around the little glass-covered room—wherever she could find a place in which to stick her torches—so that the brilliant, ruddy glare might be visible in all directions. And there, alone in the dreary summit of the tall light-house, shivering in the cold wind and rain that beat upon her slight figure, stood poor little Nellie, listening to the storm, straining her eyes through the darkness, and trembling with anxiety and excitement as she thought of her father in the storm, and of poor Brister, dying in the room below, perhaps. But still through it all seemed to sound the sweet words of the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

An hour passed, and poor Nellie, intently listening, thought that she heard sounds below, and then a faint echo of some one calling her name. Then came a strong, hurried step on the stair, and in the red, smoky glare of the pine torches she saw her father standing. Oh, with what a sharp cry of relief and joy she sprang forward to meet him, though at the very moment in which his arms were outstretched to receive her—overcome with cold and fatigue and anxiety—she tottered and fell almost insensible at his feet. Very tenderly, with tears in his eyes, the rough light-house-keeper bore his little daughter below, and placed her in bed; and there, with a delicious consciousness of safety and rest, poor Nellie fell asleep. She never awoke until the bright sunlight of the next morning fell across her bed, when opening her eyes, she saw Mammy Sylvie's kind motherly face bending over her, with tears streaming down her sable cheeks.

"Bress de Lord, dar aint anoder child in all de Carlinas fit to hold a pine-knot to her," said the affectionate creature, proudly. "An' I heard Jem Long say, when his boat come in las' night, dat ef it hadn't been for de light-house lamp, he an' t' others would sartinly been lost."

"And so should I," said Mr. Lattie, fondly smoothing his little daughter's hair, and then he told her how he had watched in vain for the light, and not seeing it, had attempted to cross in the storm and darkness, when suddenly a red glare had shone out, and revealed to him that he was drifting fast upon one of the most dangerous of the reefs. From this he had with difficulty extricated himself, and guided by the strange light had succeeded in reaching home in safety, and there had found old Brister as we have described, while Jack, worn out with rubbing and crying, lay asleep by the fire. Where was Nellie? and what could be the meaning of the red fitful glare in the light-house tower? Almost sinking with fear and apprehension, the father had mounted the stairs, and there, at the first glimpse of his little daughter,—pale and trembling, yet standing firmly at her post—he had read the whole story. And how proud he afterward was of his brave little girl we can very well imagine.

Aunt Sylvie had been prevented returning home by both the storm and the illness of the fisherman's wife. She had felt no anxiety about the children, believing that their father must have returned.

The little family at the light-house there still happy and contented. Nellie is a big girl now. Uncle Brister, who entirely recovered, is to this day very fond of telling this story to the people who sometimes in summer cross over to visit the light-house. "Guess it's de fust light-house was ebber lighted up wid pine-knots," he says.—*St. Nicholas.*

MY TRAMP.

BY MRS. S. S. ROBBINS.

Sitting, one morning, on the broad piazza of our summer home, with Hamerton's "Wenderholme" in my hand, I was interrupted by hearing the gate open and, in a minute, steps on the walk. Now nothing can be more utterly unassuming than this same home. The house is one story and a half, the paint has seen fresher days, and generally there is an air of absenteeism; beside, we are out of the village, and consequently removed from chance visitors. When the gate rattled on its hinges—a trick it well understood—I always knew some friend was on the way or the marketmen were round on their daily calls; but this step, on this morning, had a peculiarity which said to me "Tramp," before, between the low-lying branches of the avenue of Norway spruces, I saw the young man coming toward me. He was slight, graceful in his movements, rather well-dressed, and lifted his hat with altogether a gentlemanly air as he saw me.

Everybody has a timid streak. Mine lay in the fear of tramps—for, as I have said, our house is quite out of the village, and long French windows, shabbily fastened, offer easy ingress at any hour of day or night; doors there are, too, everywhere, with and without bolts, as it may happen. Very much at the mercy we are of every lawless intruder. But this young man, tramp though he undeniably was, had a clear, gray eye, which met mine fully as I looked up from my book, and a smile, with a kind of pathos that had almost a hungry pleading, as I waited for his request. He stopped at a short distance from me and began nervously to break off small twigs from the tree by which he stood, neither of us speaking. At length I asked:

"Do you wish anything?"

"I'm not used to begging, ma'am," he broke out, in a low, musical voice, "but I have had a long walk, and I am almost starved. If you would give me some breakfast, and let me work to pay for it afterwards, I should be very much obliged to you."

Afterward If he had only said before, he should have had a hearty breakfast, and all the ghosts of political economy that haunted my brain would have been laid on the instant, but afterward—there it was, in the true, lazy, good-for-nothing tramp style. *I* pamper to idle begging! Not if I know myself. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat," was a part of my Bible in which I rigidly believed. So I said, turning the leaves of my book a little impatiently:

"You are too young and too healthy to be a beggar. You look to me as if you were made for better things."

Not a word spoke he in answer; he just turned on his heel, and was slowly leaving the yard when my heart—a miserable, weak heart, that is always at war with my principles—gave a great tug, and I called after him:

"Come back. You shall have your breakfast. I only wish you had proposed to earn it before you ate it."

He did not turn, and I called again, in a softer tone:

"I should be sorry to turn even a dog away hungry. Come back. I will tell my cook to give you a bite."

He stopped, came back a step or two, and said:

"But I am not a dog. I am poor, can't get work, and am out in search of it. I haven't a cent, and I don't want what I can't earn. I would have offered to earn my food first, but I am weak and faint for want of it."

"Come back! come back!" I said, now, more cordially than I would have welcomed

the Prince of Wales. "Sit down on the piazza; it is cool here; and Bridget shall bring your breakfast out."

The tone drew him; he sat down on a corner of the piazza at the greatest distance from my chair, and I left him there while I put my head inside my kitchen door to astonish my cook, to whom my order for the summer had been peremptory—"No, food, under any circumstances, for tramps,"—with, "Get as nice a breakfast as you can, Bridget, out of what you have cooked, and bring it at once to the piazza—the man's faint."

"Marm!" said Bridget, staring at me.

"Breakfast as quick as you can, on the piazza, for one. Anything, Bridget, only so it don't take you long to get it. Hurry, will you!"—seeing her put her hands on her hips, a position the meaning of which I only too well understood, so I shut the door and went back to my tramp.

Apparently he had not moved, yet I must own, as I saw him, I noticed that the seat he had chosen was directly in front of a window that opened to a view of the whole inside of the house. I was ashamed of myself to find I thought instantly of my bureau, that stood in full sight, and my watch, with a jewellery box, that I knew I had left on its top; but this suspicion was only a stirring of the timid ghost and not to be wondered at.

Bridget, I need hardly say to any experienced housekeeper, did not hurry, and, while we waited, I fell into a chat with the young man. He said he came from "down South;" had walked up the other side of the Lake, hoping, among the farmers there, he should find a job but so many had been before him, with the same expectation, he had with difficulty done enough to earn his food; he hadn't slept in a bed for three weeks, and, take the wear and tear of his clothes and the loss of his strength, he was going home even poorer than he left. There was something about him so different from any other tramp I had ever seen, that all my sound theories went where a woman's theories are apt to go—I say it with shame and confusion of face, but I must tell the truth at whatever cost—and I began to feel interested in him. Now, I said, if he don't try the mother dodge, I really shall feel like helping him, at least, I will ask my husband to let him do any odd chores he may have about our place, but, if he begins to talk to me about his mother, I shall expect the next thing will be a request for money—that will never do. But he didn't. I found him intelligent, quite up in matters of daily public interest, and inclined to bring them forward. Now and then I detected his eyes wandering toward the door through which he expected his breakfast to be brought, but otherwise he manifested no impatience until the well-filled salver in Bridget's reluctant arms made its appearance. The salver was well filled, Bridget could take a license as well as any cook, but she knew me well enough to know when it would be best not to venture, and acted accordingly.

I have seen wild beasts fed, but it seemed to me, as I stole a glance now and then at my tramp, that I had never known what eating ravenously meant before, he seemed literally to have been starved.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" I kept repeating to myself. I daresay, from our prejudice against this class, we do them often a grievous injustice. Just suppose, now, I had turned a hungry man—a hungry man as that—away unfed, how sadly I should have regretted it by-and-by, in that other world, where even our tramp mistakes will rise up against us. "Because ye have not fed the hungry, therefore ye are none of mine."

Well, this one, at least, was getting a good, hearty meal, and then there would be the work—yes, of course, the work—in payment. That I should insist upon; my political economy demanded it as only just. There was a salver of empty dishes very soon, and the young man got up and shook himself, as I have seen a big Newfoundland dog do after a hearty meal; somehow his expression seemed to have changed, the pathos had all died out; I was not so well pleased with it, and my determination to enforce the work rapidly strengthened.

"Now," I said, "I will find something for you to do. Come with me."

"Yes, ma'am," just lifting his hat.

At the back of our house was a large woodpile waiting to be packed neatly away in the adjacent wood house.

"There," I suggested, pointing to the wood and its shelter, "do what you think your breakfast has been worth to you, and then come to me."

My plan had been to try his honesty in the way of payment, and then hire him at rather an unusual rate of wages to finish the job.

Becoming again absorbed in "Wanderholme," I quite forgot my tramp until I suddenly wakened to a consciousness that the regular sound of piling wood had ceased for some time; evidently, the man's meal had been paid for, but what had become of him! With a slight misgiving, I made my way, with as little delay as possible, to the woodpile. No one was there; a few sticks had been thrown, in a slovenly way, inside the woodhouse door, and that was all. As I stood looking in, I heard a snicker (it's the only word that will describe the sound), and I know Bridget was somewhere, watching me. It was insult added to my injury.

I have only a few words to add by way of moral reflections.

Never allow your heart to get the better of your head! Believe in political economy! in your Bible! in your firmly-established prejudices! Lay no ghosts! Preserve intact your natural timidities!—recognize them as your guardian angels! and, above all, beware of tramps!

That night I went, as usual, to wind up my watch, but—I didn't do it. Always orderly, I sought to put my jewellery away in its pretty case, but—I didn't do it. And yet my tramp had not spoken of his mother.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXV.

1. The tribe to which Korah belonged?
2. The son of Ruth?
3. That by which the sheep know the shepherd?
4. David's eldest brother?
5. The man whom Philip brought to Christ?
6. *The father of Ahab?*
7. The birthplace of St. Paul?
8. The man who "boasted himself to be somebody?"
9. The city given by Joshua to Caleb?
10. The prophet who said "I am not better than my fathers?"
11. That which Pharaoh's daughter promised to Jochabed?
12. The man who was "blessed because of the Ark of God?"
13. The place where Elkanah lived?
14. That of which Jacob made pottage?
15. The man who was "greatly beloved?"

The *initials* form a precept much needed in this world.

XXVI.

'Tis night—my *first* runs out, another comes,
Another and another, ere the morn
Wakes up a slumbering world
And lights the toils of men.

'Tis day—my *second* runs his weary round,
And groans in pain, or travails with his task,
Or sits enthroned in pride,
Or in the dungeon pines.

'Tis night again—my *whole* with lofty eye,
Looks out beneath him on a slumbering world,
The dim horizon scans,
And kens the coming foe.

The Christian's life is like the first, and he
Should like the second quit himself, be strong,
Be wise, and, like the whole,
Look for his coming Lord.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1877, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON XVII.

OCTOBER 21.]

PAUL AND THE BIGOTED JEWS. (About 58 A. D.)

READ Acts xxii. 17-30. RECITE vs. 17-21.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Dan. ix. 16-27. *T.*—Matt. x. 17-23. *W.*—Gal. ii. 1-16. *Th.*—Eph. iii. 1-10. *F.*—Acts xvi. 19-37. *Sa.*—1 Thess. ii. *S.*—Acts xxii 17-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men.—Matt. xxiii. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christian courage wins victories.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul stood on the stairs leading to the castle Antonia and addressed the people in the Hebrew language. He told the story of his conversion, and then declared how the Lord Jesus had sent him to the Gentiles.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Mark how courteously and kindly Paul spoke even to those seeking to take his life.

NOTES.—*The temple.* This was the second temple; erected upon the site of the first temple (Solomon's) by Zerubbabel (Ezra v. 2; about 520 B. C., and enlarged and beautified by Herod the Great. It stood upon Mount Moriah, within the enclosure now occupied by the *Haram-esh Sherif* of the Mohammedans. Extending entirely around the temple was the *Court of the Gentiles*, open to those of all nations. This was separate, from the *Court of Israel* by a stone balustrade, which Gentiles were forbidden to pass under penalty of death. Still farther inward was the *Court of the Priests* and the *temple proper*. Trance, an ecstasy, or supernatural state, in which divine communications were received. Comp. Gen. ii. 21; Num. xxiv. 4-16; Acts xi. 5. *Stephen*, one of the seven, and the first martyr; his history is given in Acts vi.-viii. *Scourged*, the victim was stripped to the waist, lashed to a post, and beaten with rods. Roman citizens were exempt from scourging, and a magistrate who inflicted it unlawfully might be punished, and even put to death. *A Roman.* Citizenship was sometimes bought for a large sum, *later it was sold very cheap. Paul was "free born"* because some ancestor had received the franchise, but for what reason is unknown. *Council*, the Sanhedrim, composed of 70-72 members; formerly held its sessions within the temple, but now was required to meet where Gentiles and soldiers might be present.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PAUL'S DEFENCE INTERRUPTED (II.) PAUL ASSERTS HIS ROMAN CITIZENSHIP.

I. PAUL'S DEFENCE INTERRUPTED. (17.) TO JERUSALEM, Acts ix. 26; Gal. i. 18; THE TEMPLE, see Notes: TRANCE, see Notes. (18.) HIM, the Lord Jesus, comp. v. 14; THEY, the people of Jerusalem. (19.) BEAT, cruelly scourged. (20.) MARTYR, WITNESS; STEPHEN see Notes. CONSENTING, rather "eagerly desiring;" KEPT, guarded; RAIMENT, outer garments. (21.) FAR HENCE, he went to Syria and Cilicia, Acts ix. 30; Gal. i. 21, Macedonia, Athens, etc. (22.) GAVE HIM AUDIENCE, listened to him; UNTO THIS WORD, this statement of his commission to the Gentiles; AWAY WITH, etc., comp. Acts xxi. 36; Luke xxiii. 18; 1 Cor. iv. 13; NOT FIT . . . LIVE, he ought to have been put to death long ago. (23.) CRIED OUT, yelled, THREW DUST, a way of expressing furious anger, still practised in the East.

I. QUESTIONS.—State the position, language, and audience of Paul in this defence. What did he say of his birth? Of his education? Of his persecuting the Christians? *Of his conversion? To what place did he come?* v. 17. Where was he praying? Whom did he see? What did the Lord bid him do? For what reason? Whom had Paul imprisoned and beaten? Whose death favored? How? To whom was he to be sent? State how he was interrupted at this point. Why were the Jews so furious? How did they express their rage?

II. PAUL ASSERTS HIS ROMAN CITIZENSHIP. (24.) CASTLE, barracks; EXAMINED, put to the "question" by torture. (25.) THAT STOOD BY, superintending the punishment, compare Mark xv. 39; LAWFUL TO SCOURGE, see Notes. (27.) YEA, It was death to claim citizenship falsely. (28.) FREE BORN, see Notes. (29.) AFRAID, he was liable to a severe penalty, BOUND HIM, for scourging, not as in Acts xxi. 31. (30.) CERTAINTY, the real facts.

I. QUESTIONS.—How did the chief captain attempt to find out Paul's crime? Describe the mode of scourging. By what question did Paul stop them from binding him? Whom did the centurion inform of Paul's claim? How had the chief captain gained his citizenship? How had Paul? Why was the chief captain afraid? State what he did the next day. Before whom did he bring Paul?

What lessons do you learn from this story—

(1.) As to following the commands of the Lord Jesus?

(2.) As to Christian courage in enduring persecutions?

(3.) As to the privileges of heavenly citizenship?

ROMAN SCOURGING.

LESSON XVIII.

OCTOBER 28.]

PAUL BEFORE THE COUNCIL. (About 58 A. D.)

READ Acts xxiii. 1-11. RECITE vs. 6, 7, 11.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Peter iii. 9-22. *T.*—Matt. xxiii. 27-39. *W.*—Rom. xiii. *Th.*—Acts xxvi. 1-23. *F.*—1 Cor. xv. 12-34. *Sa.*—Acts v. 29-42. *S.*—Acts xxiii. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake.—Acts vi. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ is the resurrection and the life.

NOTES.—*Ananias*, appointed high priest by Herod of Chalcis; sent to Rome on a charge of treason; acquitted, and resumed his office. At the beginning of the Jewish war fled and concealed himself in an aqueduct, where he was put to death by the *Sicarii*, or assassins. *Sadducees*, one of the two leading Jewish sects or parties: less numerous than the Pharisees, but rich, luxuriant, and proud, and exerted a great influence. Their judicial sentences were very severe. They did not regard tradition as binding; denied the existence of angels and spirits, and maintained that there was no resurrection. Acts xxiii 8; iv. 2, Matt. xxii. 23. Sadducees sometimes held the office of high priest. *Pharisees*, the most numerous Jewish sect, and the popular party; gained high credit *with the people for their reputed sanctity and zeal for the* Mosaic ritual. They believed in the resurrection and in a future life.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) REBUKE OF ANANIAS. (II.) DISSENSION OF THE COUNCIL. (III.) PAUL'S RESCUE AND VISION OF CHRIST.

I. REBUKE OF ANANIAS. (1.) COUNCIL, Sanhedrim; LIVED, conducted myself as a citizen of the Jewish commonwealth, GOOD CONSCIENCE, see Acts xxiv. 16; 2 Cor. i. 12, Heb. xiii. 18. (2.) THEM THAT STOOD BY HIM, the officers or attendants of the high priest; SMITE . . . MOUTH, to silence him as speaking falsehood. (3.) SHALL, *is about to*, *WHITED WALL*, *hypocrite*, *from the Jewish* custom of whitewashing walls, as the walls of sepulchres, comp. Matt. xi. 27, CONTRARY TO THE LAW, Comp. Deut. xix. 18. (4.) THEY THAT STOOD BY, probably the same as in v. 2. (5.) WIST NOT, did not know "because of his imperfect sight" *(Alford)*, or "did not bear in mind" *(Hackett)*; IT IS WRITTEN (Ex. xxii 28), and I obey the law.

I. QUESTIONS.—State how Paul came to be before the council. The number and constitution of the council. How did Paul address the members? How had he lived? The meaning of a "good conscience"? What command did Ananias give? The significance of the act? State Paul's rebuke of Ananias. The meaning of "whited wall"? How did Ananias afterward die? By whom was Paul in turn reproved? How? State Paul's reply.

II. DISSENSION OF THE COUNCIL. (6.) PAUL PERCEIVED, knew it as a standing fact; ONE PART, party; SADDUCEES . . . PHARISEES, see Notes; CRIED OUT, so that all might hear, comp. Acts xxiv 21, SON OF A PHARISEE, a Pharisee by long descent, THE HOPE, of Israel—*i.e.*, hope of a Messiah; CALLED IN QUESTION, put on trial. (9.) GREAT CRY, clamor; SCRIBES, men of learning, and skilled in religious disputation, STROVE, contended, HATH SPOKEN, as he claims, Acts xxii. 7, 17, 18.

II. QUESTIONS.—Into what two parties was the council *divided? How did Paul take advantage of this?* What did he claim to be For what was he put on trial? How would this incline the Pharisees to his side? What was the result? State the doctrines of the Sadducees. Of the Pharisees. How did the Pharisees defend Paul?

III. PAUL'S RESCUE AND VISION OF CHRIST. (10.) DISSENSION, contention or strife; PULLED IN PIECES, literally "drawn asunder" by the opposite factions. (11.) THE LORD, Jesus Christ, who had appeared to him before, Acts ix. 5, xviii. 9; xxii. 17, 18, AT ROME ALSO, where Paul greatly desired to preach, compare Rom. i. 10, 11; xv 23.

III. QUESTIONS.—What fear had the chief captain? *How did he rescue Paul? Where have him brought?* Who stood by Paul at night? Mention as of the instances in which Jesus had appeared to him before. State his words, v 11. How would these encourage Paul?

What does this lesson teach us—

(1.) As to the comfort of a good conscience?

(2.) As to the open rebuke of injustice?

(3.) As to the power of the doctrine of the resurrection?

(4.) As to the presence of the Lord Jesus in times of trial?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Smiting on the mouth.* The Persians smote the criminals who attempted to speak in their own defence with a shoe, the heel of which was shod with iron, which is quite characteristic of the Eastern manners, as described in the sacred volume. "Call the Furashes," exclaimed the king, "and beat these rogues till they die." The Furashes came and beat them violently, and when they attempted to say anything in their own defence, they smote them on the mouth with a shoe, the heel of which was shod with iron.—*Morier.* To smite one on the mouth is considered in most countries a mark of contempt. In the East it is often inflicted as a degrading form of punishment. "As soon as the ambassador came in, he punished the principal offenders by causing them to be beaten before him; and those who had spoken their minds a little too unreservedly he smote upon the mouth *with a shoe, which in their idiom they called kafsh khordan*, 'eating shoe.'"

PAUL SMITTEN.
PHARISEES STRIVE WITH SADDUCEES.
PAUL SEES HIS SAVIOUR.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

PSA. 25: 14.

PROSPECTUS OF THE WITNESS FOR 1878.

We Canadians have before us the task of melting into one nation peoples of widely diverse origin and training. How to be most brotherly among ourselves and most friendly with all others is the double problem of patriotism. These ends, rather than the easy popularity of sectionalism, have been the aims of the WITNESS. Friends it has, very numerous and very kind, and we must add very disinterested, for all know well that it sacrifices nothing to friendship, and with some of the kindest of them, to whom it is deeply indebted, it has had to differ long and painfully. To be equally free from bondage to any section of the people, whether social, political or religious, has been its honest intention. No organization, school, or interest has been able to claim it as its organ. It is broadly the organ of Evangelical Christianity, and of applied Christian morality, and seeks to advocate without bitterness, but with the utmost constancy and frankness, those views of political, religious and commercial freedom which it believes to be for the good of Canada, however they may affect parties, denominations, or classes. It has had occasionally to face disfavor, and at times the open enmity of powerful organization from the great hierarchy downwards But as no cloud of partizanship, time-serving or trimming can win the favor of all, nothing is lost in the long run by an out-spoken appeal from every form of sectional interest to the common conscience, which cannot forever refuse its judgment in favor of right.

Of the burning questions at present before the country the most important is probably the Ultramontane or absolutist movement in the Church of Rome throughout the world, and the concurrent growth in the Province of Quebec of an ecclesiastical domination, armed with curses and supported by mobs. Against this evil only the schoolmaster can wage effective war, for the Bible and the press are vain among people who do not read. To stimulate every process for the education of the masses, and to secure at length the education of all, is our aim, and in this we hope we have with us a growing proportion of the people. The part of every good citizen is to seek the highest and broadest education of his own children, that their refinement, liberality and success may throw neighboring ignorance into darker shadow. To this end nothing is more important than the careful choice of a newspaper for the home, and the promotion of the circulation of such well selected literature in all possible directions.

Another important matter of the day is the war against the liquor traffic, carried on in the moral field with astonishing intensity by what is called the Murphy or Rine movement, which will, it is said, centre in Montreal during the approaching winter, and in the political field by the Dunkin Law agitation, which is evidently destined to sweep the country rapidly An improved local option measure, it is trusted in high quarters, will soon be provided, and the Dominion Alliance, into which all the Provincial prohibitory leagues have been consolidated, has promised its hearty adoption of such a measure. We propose to get out at Christmas a map with those regions marked in which a prohibitory law is at present in force, if we can by any means obtain the necessary information, which has not, it appears, been hitherto exhaustively collected by any one. We request our readers in all places where such a law is in force to favor us at once with its history in their own locality, as well as their own opinions of its advantages and defects, and suggestions as to its improvement. By a compilation of these we shall be able to make a fair statement of the condition of things throughout the Dominion. This map will be a splendid campaign sheet, and will be sold cheap by the hundred.

A third question has been brought into temporary prominence by the hard times, namely, that of protection. We regret much to differ with some of our kindest friends on this subject, but we feel that the war will not be a long one, as the hard times, which have raised in Canada a protection cry, have with better reasons raised one against protection in the United States. There out and out protection has long been the rule, and it has been found to have in good years stimulated production much beyond the permanent home demand, while it hinders the healthy development of an export trade.

More serious than this is the growth on this continent of socialism, and efforts on the part of trades-unions, abetted by an undercurrent of lawless communism, to rule society by force. The ignorance which makes workingmen in the States a prey to unreasoning foreign demagogues is not entirely lacking here, and line upon line, and precept upon precept, are needed in enforcing the plain laws of political economy, that people may learn that just as iron sinks and wood swims, so the man who makes himself worth more than he is getting must under natural circumstances *rise*, while he who *persists in* making a machine of himself, to be worked as little as possible, must go down in spite of all the organization and force that can possibly be applied.

In all these matters the WITNESS has majorities against it, but it has the interest of the people, and, we may hope, the moral sense of the people, in its favor. That in all of them the principles it advocates will one day triumph we entertain no doubt, as in that faith alone could we continue to urge them.

Another year has not passed over the WITNESS without bringing its changes. The hard times it has felt severely, both in its circulation and in its advertisement department, and the year's business so far has been a losing one. Forced at last to leave the dilapidated and scattered premises it occupied on St. James street, the WITNESS has found much more commodious shelter in a building in Bonaventure street, affording twice the floor room of the old place, partly built and partly re-built for its use by Wm. Clendinneng, Esq., and although outwardly modest in appearance, fitted up internally with the utmost convenience, and we may almost add, splendor, under the superintendence of J. J. Browne, Esq., architect. The moving rendered necessary the purchase of a new press, without which the publication would have been for some weeks sadly deranged, and a magnificent eight cylinder Hoe rotary machine was bought from the New York WITNESS, at a price which has severely taxed our powers to meet. This press has been superseded in New York by one already set up in the building to which the New York WITNESS had moved. It secures the great desideratum of an evening paper, extreme speed, throwing off the DAILY WITNESS at the rate of sixteen thousand an hour, a rate which no other form of press can at all equal. With it came a change in the form of the DAILY WITNESS, which brings it more into keeping with modern taste, being that in general use everywhere out of Canada. It affords also a facility for a larger size on Saturdays and other occasions of particular pressure. Another change brought about by the necessities of moving, and which seems to have met with universal favor, was the substitution of the DAILY for the TRI WEEKLY edition, which latter edition was fast becoming like a fifth wheel on a coach. The former subscribers to that edition will, we hope, renew for the DAILY. Those who have not sufficiently frequent mails to make this desirable will probably fall back on the WEEKLY.

The present circulation of the WITNESS is :

DAILY (average) - - - - -	15,000
WEEKLY, - - - - -	24,000

The WITNESS has never made much money, and this year it has lost considerably. A large increase in the subscription lists, and a return of advertising patronage, will be needed to save us from retrenchments which would sensibly affect the attractiveness of the paper. The brighter times, which seem to be about to shine out like the sun after rain, should bring us this. The value of the WEEKLY WITNESS as an advertising medium has never been sufficiently understood.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER

has been improved in appearance during the year and has held its own in circulation, being in this respect far ahead of every other Canadian publication. One press works incessantly on this periodical, turning out each fortnight 50,000 copies.

THE AURORE

is a weekly newspaper which has for many years been doing for the French people what the old WEEKLY WITNESS did long ago for the English of Canada. At the beginning of 1877 this paper was amalgamated with the WITNESS, making use of the reading of the celebrated French column of the DAILY. It is a very pretty little paper, with a circulation of 1,000 copies.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

has been an exception to the general rule of stagnation. From September, 1876, to September, 1877, it has increased from 3,375 to 4,000 copies.

This is due to the great improvements which have been wrought in the magazine itself, which in larger size and in higher literary and artistic character is ever adapting itself more and more to the needs of Canada. Its mission from the beginning has been to develop a Canadian literature, and we hope that its twenty-second volume may prove more than ever efficient to this end. The difficulty of competing in so small a field as Canada offers with magazines of world wide circulation is very great. We have hitherto attempted, at considerable annual loss, to reach a comfortable circulation by means of cheapness, both publishers and writers having been large contributors to the effort, with, as will be seen, only partial success. We think that we are now surrounded by a sufficient number of really patriotic readers to be able to appeal to them to assist in the enterprise by meeting an increase of price which will be very slight to each, but life to the magazine. Our proposal is to add one-third to the number of pages and one-third to the price. There would be, according to this plan, a somewhat larger margin—we hope sufficiently so to make ends meet—while it would provide that increase of accommodation, the need of which is very much felt in a magazine with so many departments and with so much valuable matter pressing for insertion. The lack of room is most felt when we desire to find place for articles on subjects of vital interest to Canada which appear in the leading magazines of the world. The insertion of such was always meant to be a feature of the magazine, but they have of late been crowded out by the difficulty of finding room for anything covering more than a few pages. The price will, from the new year, be $2 per *annum* for a magazine of 128 pages.

The prices of the WITNESS publications are as follows :—

DAILY WITNESS, (including postage) - -	$3.00
WEEKLY WITNESS, - - - - - - - - -	1.10
When an old subscriber remits with a new one the price is, each, - - - - - - -	1.00
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, enlarged to 128 pages, (including postage) - - - - -	2.00
NORTHERN MESSENGER, - - - - - -	.30
THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, when clubbed with the WITNESS is	1.50

TO OUR FRIENDS.

It may be taken for granted that the vast majority of the *subscribers to a newspaper* intend to renew their subscriptions, and some there are who make it their business not to send their own subscription alone. There are few, however, who have not much experience of the way in which good intentions lose their opportunity by delay. The harvest time for newspapers is the new year, and the hardest time is that before the annual flood-tide sets in. In years like this it is not unnatural that newspapers should desire to hear from subscribers as soon as possible. It is also most advantageous to subscribers themselves to get their names properly entered before the rush comes, which makes it impossible to enter money up as fast as received, much less to answer letters of complaint, and therefore cause, at times, misunderstandings as to the receipt of remittances. We therefore pray all our readers to remit for 1878 as soon as possible, and "to take "time by the forelock" in doing what their kindness may prompt in securing the continuance and growth of the circulation of our publications among their neighbors. All NEW subscribers remitted for before the first day of November will have the Publications subscribed for for the two months following, in addition to the year 1878.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

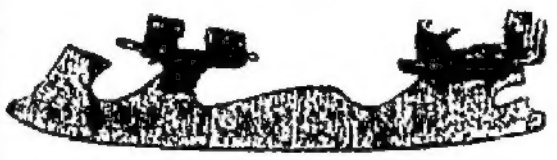
TWENTY-FIVE FINE CARDS (SNOWFLAKE, DAMASK, &c.), no two alike, with name, 10 cents, post-paid. Three Packs for 25 cents. Canada Paper Money taken at par. Send no Post-Office stamps. Address NASSAU CARD COMPANY, Nassau, N.Y.

MR. JAS. I. FELLOWS, Chemist, St. John, N.B.: —DEAR SIR,—Having used your Compound Syrup for some time, in my practice, I have no hesitation in recommending it to my patients who are suffering from General Debility or any Disease of the Lungs, knowing that even in cases utterly hopeless it affords relief. I am, Sir, respectfully, H. C. ADDY, M.D.—St. John, N.B., Jan., 1869.

WHO WANTS SKATES?

PLEASE READ THE WHOLE ADVERTISEMENT.

THE EUREKA SKATE.



THE CANADIAN CLUB SKATE.

All canvassers in the

WITNESS,

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

and

NORTHERN MESSENGER,

who send us in $10 in NEW Subscriptions to these publications, marking the list "IN COMPETITION," will receive almost immediately a pair of Eureka Club Skates to fit them.

A pair of CANADIAN CLUB SKATES, to fit will be sent to all who forward us $9 in new subscriptions to those papers.

MARK THE DIRECTIONS.

Be sure in sending in your subscriptions, to mark the list "in competition;" unless you do, no record for the skates will be taken of it.

Send in the names and subscriptions as you get them, and when the full amount is received, state the fact, and also give the length of your foot in inches from heel to toe.

Begin work at once.

When you begin, work systematically, thoroughly and persistently, drawing out some specified plan of action, and then following it till successful.

Write to us before you begin work and get sample papers, &c.

WHAT KIND OF SKATES ARE THESE?

The Eureka Skate is held to be the best and really the only perfect self-fastening skate manufactured. It differs *from other self-fastening skates in that it never leaves* the skater and goes alone. It is always ready for any size of boot, requires no setting of clamps, and has no pieces to lose. It is impossible to jump it off your boot, and can be taken off or put on in a moment without any trouble.

LETTERS FROM CANVASSERS WHO RECEIVED THE EUREKA SKATES LAST YEAR.

"I am highly pleased with them. On the ice they have behaved beyond description."
A. T.—Waterford, O., April 2nd, 1877.

"I received the skates all right. They are a splendid pair, and fit nicely. Two other boys living here have got the Eureka Club skates besides myself. They are the best I have ever seen, and everyone who sees them says the same. I think I am well repaid for getting those to subscribe that I have got."
A. R.—Beaverton, O., March 20, 1877

"I got my skates all right, and I think that they are a nice pair, and worth all the time I took in getting the papers. *I would not take $10 for them.*"
S. B. R.—Wolf Island, O., March 8, 1877

"I received my skates on the 9th, and am very much pleased with them, they are better than I expected, and fit well."
P. P.—Canning, O., March 20, 1877

"I received by mail this evening your Eureka Club skates. I am highly pleased with them, as also is every one that has seen them. My highest ambition has been obtained, and now I am going to work for another pair for my sister."
J. N. W. C.—Markham, O., March 26, 1877.

"I have just received the skates. They are a splendid pair, and fit nicely."
D. A.—Caledonia, Man., Jan 18, 1877.

"I think they are a first-rate pair, and everyone who has seen them says the same."
J. W. S.—Cedar Grove, O., April 10, 1877.

TESTIMONIALS TO THE CANADIAN CLUB SKATES.

I have used Penoyer's Improved Patent Skate during three seasons, and have put them to some very severe tests; they have stood admirably and are in every respect a very good design. I prefer them to any other skate I have used.
C. W. DOUGLAS, M.D.,
Surgeon Major,
Army Med. Dept.
Melville Island, Oct. 6th, 1876.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4, 1876.

I have used your improved "Canadian Club Skate" all last season, and find them to be very convenient, both to adjust and attach to the boot, comfortable to the foot, and thoroughly secure and reliable.
Yours,
S. A. WHITE.

HALIFAX, 19th Oct., 1876.

I have used your skates for a season, and have found them in every respect satisfactory. They not only look much better, but the steel is of a finer quality they are more readily adjusted to the boots, and remain more firmly attached than any other I have hitherto used.
Yours truly,
P. C. HILL, Jr.,
32 South street.

Address all communications to
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

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